Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

JULIANNE NEUDORF, soprano

assisted by

PATRICIA EDWARDS, piano

Saturday, June 20, 1992 at 3:00 pm

O del mio dolce ardor	Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)
Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro from Le Nozze di Figaro, K. 492 (1786)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Vado, ma dove? K. 583 (1789)	

The Merry Wives of Windsor (1849) — Otto Nicolai (1810-1849)
Act I: Scenes 1 and 2
Mrs Ford - Julianne Neudorf
Mrs Page - Julia Golosky

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Du bist die Ruh, D. 776 (1823) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1882)
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (1882) — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1 (1886) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Lieder, Op. 7 — Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel (1805-1847)
- Nachwanderer
- Erwin
- Frühling
- Du bist die Ruh
- Bitte
- Dein ist mein Herz

Hear Ye Israel
from Elijah, Op. 70 (1846) — Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847)

TRANSLATIONS

O del mio dolce ardor/O thou belov'd
O thou belov'd, whom long my heart desireth,
At length the air thou breathest my soul inspireth,
where'er mine eye may wander,
Still of thee some vague semblance
Doth love awake within me,
My ev'ry thought doth win me
To yet fonder remembrance;
And in this ardor that all my bosom so fireth
Thee I see, Thee I call,
Fondly and e'er fonder. Ah!

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro/Pour, O love, sweet consolation
Pour, O love, sweet consolation on my lonely, my broken heart.
Give me back his lost affection, or, I beg you, let me die.
Bring me comfort in my suff'ring, hear my brokenhearted sigh!
Give me back my lord and husband, or, I beg you, let me die, or let me die.

Translations (continued)

Vado, ma dove?/Whither I'm going I know not (Da Ponte)
Whither I'm going I know not.
Would that the gods had pity,
Either for my deep sighing
Or my beloved's pain!
Love, let my steps be guided;
Counsel my heart divided;
Love, take away my doubting,
Let not assurance wane,
Let only faith remain.

Du bist die Ruh/My sweet Repose (Rückert)
Thou art sweet Peace and tranquil rest,
I long for thee to sooth my breast;
I dedicate, 'mid joys and sighs,
Thy dwelling in my heart and eyes.

Come, then, to me, and close the door,
And never, never leave me more;
Chase ev'ry pain from out this breast,
Calming this heart to joyful rest.

Let thy pure light my glance control;
With lustre bright.
Fill thou my soul!

Zueignung/Devotion (Gilm)
Ah! you know it, dear soul,
that from you, I pine;
Love makes hearts sick—
be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom, I lifted
up the amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink—
be thanked!

And you banish the evil spirits,
till I was, what I had never been.
Holy and holy fell on your heart;
be thank!

Allerseelen/All Souls' Day (Gilm)
Place at my side the purple glowing heather,
the year's last roses ere they fade away,
and let us sit and whisper love, together,
as once in May.

Give thy hand and let me press it fondly,
nor heed lest others see nor what they say.
And gaze on me, love, as (thou) wert wont
to fondly, in life's sweet May.

While ev'ry grave's aglow with autumn's
roses,
come to me, sweet, on this appointed day,
and as thy head upon my breast reposes,
we'll dream of May.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir/My thoughts like haunting music (Groth)
My thoughts like haunting music drift through
my mind today;
Like flow'rs of spring they blossom, like
fragrance, fade away.
But when I try to hold them, these thoughts
so dear to me,
In graying mists they vanish, and like a
breath they flee.
And yet within my rhyming, a hidden
perfume lies,
And mem'ry of that music brings
teardrops to my eyes.

Nachtwanderer/Nightwanderer(Eichendorff)
I wander through the silent night, the moon steals secretly from its dark cloud cover, and to and fro across the valley, the nightingale awakes, then everything grey and quiet again. Oh wonderful song of night, from distant places where streams flow, quiet chill in the dark trees. My thoughts stray, my confused singing is like a calling from dreams.

Erwin/Erwin(Goethe)
You bloom no more sweet roses, my love could not sustain you, bloom for the hopeless one, wose soul breaks with pain, who went to his garden early awaiting the first buds, ah I remember the day with sorrow, when I belonged to you, angel.
All blossoms and all fruits were carried to your feet, and from your countenance received hope for my heart. You bloom no more sweet roses, my love could not sustain you, bloom for the hopeless one, whose soul breaks with pain.

Frühling/Spring (Eichendorff)
Above the garden through the winds I hear migratory birds fly, this means that spring is in the air, below it is beginning to bloom. I would like to shout for joy, I would like ot weep, I feel it cannot be.
Old wonders reappear with the moonlight.
And the moon, the stars say it, and in dreams murmurs the wood, and the nightingales sing it: she is yours, she is yours!

Translations (continued)

Du bist die Ruh/My sweet Repose (Rückert)
Thou art sweet Peace and tranquil rest,
I long for thee to sooth my breast;
I dedicate, 'mid joys and sighs,
Thy dwelling in my heart and eyes.

Come, then, to me, and close the door,
And never, never leave me more;
Chase ev'ry pain form out this breast,
Calming this heart to joyful rest.

Let thy pure light my glace control;
With lustre bright.
Fill thou my soul!

Bitte/Request/Petition (Lenau)
Remain focused upon me you dark eye,
Practise all your power;
Serious, wild, dreamfilled sweet night.

With your dark magic
Take the world from me,
And hover over my life.

Dein ist mein Herz/Yours is my Heart (Lenau)
Yours is my heart, my pain
and joys your own;
Yours is the forest, with its
branches, flowers and songs.
Yours is my heart, my pain your own.
What I wish most, which with
songs would capture my heart,
Is a word to bring you joy,
A silent glance to stir your heart.

Yours is my heart, my pain
and joys your own;
Yours is the forest, with its branches,
flowers and songs,
Yours is my heart, your pain my own.